

MR. PUNCH'S SAFE INVESTMENTS.

DURING the present insecure and fluctuating state of the money market, when, partly owing to alarming rumours from America, investors are perplexed as to the safe disposition of funds, *Mr. Punch* has pleasure in drawing public attention to certain excellent projects which, if not precisely Trustee stock, are the next thing to it:—

THE RUN TRUST;

OR, THE LONG INNINGS ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

CAPITAL: 20,000,000 Runs.

This enterprising Society has been formed by a number of eminent centurions for the purpose of providing uncertain bats with assured scores.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN (Managing Director), Carlton Hotel, S.W.

C. B. FRY, c/o K. S. RANJITSINHJI, New Century Club.

K. S. RANJITSINHJI, c/o C. B. FRY, *Daily Express* Office.

GAUKRODGER,* The Nets, Worcester.

Offices of the Company: Runnymede Chambers, Old Bailey.

Clerk: MR. ALL CAINE.

The Run Trust has been established to supply two distinct varieties of demand. It caters both for the cricketer who desires to make runs for himself and it caters also for the cricketer who wishes to be able, with the minimum of personal exertion, to draw the attention of his friends to a maximum score against his name in the daily press.

In order to compass the first of these ends the Directors of the Run Trust have secured a number of important cricket grounds on the most advantageous terms, where, by means of a variety of devices belonging to the Trust, an innings of any length and magnitude can be confidently prophesied for any exponent, however inept.

To take an example: A client who has never before handled a bat wishes for family reasons to make, say, 86. Certain alternatives are before him. By playing on a Trust wicket, against Trust bowling and fielding, this score can be guaranteed. But it must be remembered that for so exceptional a case the premium is necessarily high.

By paying a little extra the same anxious and inexperienced gentleman may be guaranteed to take any number of wickets up to ten in one innings. But he must, of course, perform the feat on a Trust Ground, against Trust batsmen, assisted, if need be, by stumps heightened and broadened to the maximum, bats reduced to the minimum, and Trust umpires with undeviating devotion to their employers, many of whom have been specially imported from France for the coming season.

We come now to those players who merely wish to see their names in print as eminent exponents of this noble game. Here the Trust's task has been simpler, since it has merely been the acquisition of a number of important papers and the establishment of an organ of its own, entitled *The Hundred of Who*, with the motto *No blob oblige*. These journals will scrupulously chronicle whatever scores have been applied for over our counter, together with such comments on the play as cannot fail to give the utmost satisfaction to all concerned.

The Run Trust has already secured Lord's and Denmark Hill, the Oval, Upper Tooting, and the greater portion of Battersea and Raynes Parks.

* Will join the Board after allotment.

**NOTHING LIKE BEING PRACTICAL.**

First Mechanic (paid by the hour). "WELL, MATIE, HOW DO YOU LIKE THESE LONG SUMMER DAYS?"

Second Mechanic. "I DON'T MIND 'EM AS LONG AS WE'RE PAID BY THE HOUR."

A CALL.

COME patch up your feuds, the Inquiry can wait,
A truce for a while to the dreary debate,
On the innocents' massacre callously gloat,
And page after page of the estimates vote.

Come, counsellor, leave the reports on the shelf,
'Tis time now, physician, for healing yourself,
And broker, away! who with gathering gloom
So long have been waiting in vain for the boom.

For London is dingy, and sordid and pale;
Come fly then by motor or steamer or rail,
For hark! from the sea and the mountain and mere
Glad voices that call to you, "August is here."

So Nice and Sympathetic!

A GENTLEMAN, whose one glass eye has served him for years, had the misfortune to drop it. It smashed to atoms. This happened when he was far away in the country. He inquired of a friend where was the nearest place for him to go and get refitted.

"Why don't you call upon the girl you were flirting with all last night?" his friend inquired. "She has a first-class reputation for making eyes."

THE BIG LOAF'S LABOUR LOST.

HE laid his ivory pen aside
With the air of a man of easy pride,
And toyed with the ponderous chain of gold
Hid in the waistcoat's ample fold.
The roseate hues of moral health,
That colour, at times, the haunts of wealth
When the heart is light and the conscience clear,
Pervaded the general atmosphere,
And hovered about the haloed Head
OF SKINNER & PROGMORE, Limited.

Starting as messenger, *etat.* 9,
At a local store in the grocery line,
Fate had fostered his early hope,
Based on pickle, and crowned with soap;
And now his sovereign hand controls
A couple of hundred score of souls,
At wages that cover their weekly bread
With a bonus for funeral rites when dead.
And at present he calmly awaits the hour
When the People's Party returns to power
With a trifle down on the debit side
For several sinews of war supplied,
In return for which, if they don't forget,
They are bound to make him a Baronet.

And here I should like to give the closing
Words of the speech he was just composing
Against a possible early date:—
"Free and enlightened Electorate!
Myself a son, I may say, of the soil,
My heart goes out to the men that toil!
Burdens enough you have to bear,
But your Bread should be free as the light and air!
Shall we be false to the faith of years,
Bought with our fathers' blood and tears?
Shall we surrender our hard-won gain
For the charlatan bribes of a CHAMBERLAIN?
No! we will baffle his base intrigue,
Under the flag of the Big Loaf League;
Firm to the mast that flag is glued;
Let us fight beneath for the People's Food!"

He had laid his ivory pen aside
With the air of a man well satisfied;
And turned to his favourite print to read
His evening portion of fiscal creed,
Happy to feel he was like to find
Nothing to shake what he called his mind,
Or lead him to think that the spheres had stirred
Since CORDEN uttered the final word;—
He turned, as I said, to his favourite print,
Graceful in tone and green in tint,
And at once emitted an angry snort
(Humour not being his special *forte*)
As his eye discovered the rather droll
Result of the Barnard Castle Poll.

"This Labour fellow that heads the list"
(So mused the heated philanthropist)
"Comes of a class whom men like me,
Promising loaves that are large and free,
Flatter and pamper and stroke and pet,
And here is the kind of thanks we get.
The Led Dog bites a hole in his Leader!
The Fed Babe goes and swallows his Feeder!
Oh, sharper far than a cobra's fang
Is the graceless conduct of such a gang!"

Do they imagine, when all is said,
That the pains we spend on the People's Bread
Are just for their pleasure—to take and use
And drop and be done with when they choose,
With never a care for the sport they spoil?
To h—l, I say, with your Sons of Toil!"

Such were the thoughts (I give their gist)
Of the disillusioned philanthropist!

O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The H. A. C. in South Africa (SMITH, ELDER) is a record of the services rendered in the war by members of the Honourable Artillery Company. Its editors, Mr. BASIL WILLIAMS and Mr. ERSKINE CHILDERS, appropriately dedicate their work to the King, who is Captain-General and Colonel of this ancient company of men of war. It was a comparatively small band, one hundred and ninety-three all told. But a bare summary of their adventures shows the accomplishment of hard work, valorously performed. Of the less than two hundred, four were killed in action or died of wounds; two died in hospital; thirty were wounded or invalidated home; whilst eighteen were mentioned in despatches, this last an exceptionally large numerical proportion. Naturally, keenest interest in the book will be felt by the H. A. C. and their wide circle of personal friends. But my Baronite comes here and there upon points of national interest. In June, 1900, the H. A. C., shivering in coal trucks on a railway siding, where they had spent the night after a long day's travel, were ordered to march on Honingspruit and succour the garrison environed by DE WET. "For two hours," one of the editors writes, "while Honingspruit was fighting for bare life, we were pelted by a rain of conflicting orders, each countermanding its predecessor, each involving some inherent absurdity which killed it and called up another." This sentence, descriptive of personal experience, accounts for much that made the hearts of Englishmen bleed during the slow progress of the war.

In *Sunwich Port* (GEORGE NEWNES), Mr. JACOBS, departing from his custom of an afternoon, essays something in the form of a novel. It is, after all, little out of the way of the *Many Cargoes* and *Light Freights* that made his fame and fortune. A length of yarn literally holds it together. But the episodes instinctively stand apart. My Baronite finds in them all the breeziness and fun that marked the earlier efforts. Mr. Wilks, the faithful steward, is excellent; and Captain Nugent's unpremeditated trip in the *Conqueror*, lightly conceived, is told with contagious humour.

BARON DE B.-W.

Horace on Passive Resistance.

THE practice of buying in the goods of Passive Resisters and restoring them to their original owners was evidently anticipated by the bard in the following passage, where, by a permissible figure of speech, he refers to the "hammered rates," meaning the goods hammered for payment of the rates:—

"Mox reficit rates
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati."

THE relations of a lady who had died, leaving a legacy to a favourite donkey in order to secure its comfort, recently came into Court and asked for a decision as to who was to enjoy the legacy after the donkey's decease. "The next of kin," was the judge's verdict.



PASSIVE ASSISTANCE.

FRENCH TAR. "YOUR PAL AND MINE LOOK LIKE HAVING A ROW! DON'T SEE WHY WE SHOULD CHIP IN, DO YOU?"

BRITISH TAR. "LOR' BLESS YOU, NO! PASS THE 'CORDIALE'!"





NOT THE FIRST TIME THEY DON'T AGREE TOGETHER.

Wife. "ISN'T IT JOPLY TO THINK WE HAVE THE WHOLE DAY BEFORE US? THE BOATMAN SAYS WE COULDN'T GO HOME, EVEN IF WE WANTED TO, TILL THE TIDE TURNS, AND THAT'S NOT FOR HOURS AND HOURS YET. I'VE GOT ALL SORTS OF LOVELY THINGS FOR LUNCH TOO!"

"ARE WE DEGENERATING?"

OFT have we heard it said that Britain's trade
Is moving swiftly on the downward grade;
That while our statesmen lie supine as logs
Old England's fame is going to the dogs.
We heard it mentioned—not without some heat—
What time Sir MICHAEL put a tax on wheat;
The thing was pointed out to us as plain
When Mr. RITCHIE took it off again.
Some said Protection caused the dreadful hitch,
And some Free Trade, it didn't matter which.

But now a deadlier rumour fills the air,
And lifts the patriot by his utmost hair;
The wan alarmist starts a new refrain:
"The Englishman's physique is on the wane."
Oh, can it be that honest beef and beer
No longer form the Briton's staple cheer;
That owing to the recent slump in trade
England must feed on scones and lemonade?
Oh, can our youth be growing more effete
For want of nice nutritious things to eat?
Have all the patent foods they advertise
Failed to preserve us at our normal size?
Time was when we were famous as a race
For massive strength combined with easy grace;
When (not so long ago) "policemen's twelves"
Were articles peculiar to ourselves;
When every Englishman that you might meet
Measured—without his boots—at least six feet;
When he, of all men, threw a finer chest
And waved a larger biceps than the rest;

He only kept completely cool, and knew
Just how to pull a toughish business through;
Alone he braved the angry tyrant's frown,
And never failed to knock the villain down;
And when the savage, with disgusting glee,
Tied him head downwards from a prickly tree,
And placed tarantulas inside his shirt,
He only smiled as if it didn't hurt.

But now, alas! the times are changed, and we
Are not a bit the men we used to be;
Alarming prospect! What are we to do
To wake Britannia's manhood anew?
Passive Resistance? 'tis a thing designed
To train the aim and elevate the mind;
Than which no better exercise is known
Both for the muscles and the moral tone.
Indeed, a dozen things one might suggest,
But where's the Master-mind to do the rest?
Oh, where is he, that godlike man of power,
To rescue England in her darkest hour?
Where now that Statesman who can touch the spot,
And stay the progress of the deadly rot?
Where is that man? Methought a voice replied—
A spirit voice—"The remedy must bide;
JOSEPH is just at present occupied!"

SUGGESTED AMENDMENT TO THE MOTOR-CAR BILL.—Every motor-car shall emit a separate and distinct odour which shall be registered with the County Council, and shall be easily recognisable at a distance of not less than half a mile.

THE METHOD—AND THE RESULT.

(RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE M.C.C.)

I.

Very Private and Most Confidential.

DEAR SIR,—My Committee instruct me to ask you whether you will form one of the representative team which will be sent to Patagonia in the course of the autumn. As a large proportion of the 245 players previously invited have declined, you will perceive how great an honour this request implies. Complete secrecy in the matter is, of course, essential. A masked representative of our Committee will await you on the centre of Hampstead Heath at midnight to-morrow, when all details can be discussed. Yours, etc.,

A. BLANK, *Secretary.*

W. YORKER, Esq.

II.

SIR,—I have no wish to meet your footling messenger, and even if I did, a lot of silly jaw about a simple matter which, as anyone can see, should be fixed up in two minutes, would do, except to waste time, no sort of good. The questions which, because I'm not a great hand at letter writing, I want a plain answer to are these. First, what about exes? On £10 a day I might try and work it, but otherwise not. Second, will it be arranged for me always to go in first wicket down, bowl as long as I like, and field cover when I'm not bowling? Kindly drop me a line about these things, and I'll consider the matter. Yours, etc.

W. YORKER.

III.

DEAR SIR,—My Committee desire me to acknowledge your letter and to state in reply to your questions that, while due regard must be had to economy, all reasonable financial demands will be satisfied so far as the income of the Club permits. The answer to your other enquiry is a conditional and strictly hypothetical affirmative. I am to add that the Committee are preparing a cipher code, in which all future correspondence relating to their invitations will be conducted.

Yours, etc., A. BLANK, *Secretary.*

IV.

SIR,—Yours to hand. But here's another thing. We were playing Leamshire the other day, and SNICKSON was among their lot. While he was in the pavilion the bar-keeper's boy distinctly heard him say that he had been invited to join your Patagonian XI, and that he had been promised the place of cover-point in the field for every match. He was tying up the lace of his left boot when he said this. So the sooner

you let me know exactly where we are the better for both of us.

Yours, etc. W. YORKER.

V.

(Telegram.)

SNICKSON states report wholly false.

BLANK.

VI.

SNICKSON is a liar. You are a liar. Decline to join tour.—YORKER.

VII.

DEAR SIR,—Surely your decision is a little too hasty? My Committee propose holding another meeting in an underground cellar, the exact locality of which will be communicated to you later. Please come and talk the question over. Yours, etc., A. BLANK.

(Interval of three months.)

VIII.

Wire in evening papers.—"Patagonia has won the third test-match by an innings and 327 runs."

ICHABOD!

(With the accent—or accident—on the second syllable.)

AND so it has come to this at last!

The question of cab dangers was raised by Sir CHARLES CAYZER in the House of Commons on July 28. The honourable Member inquired as to the advisability of compelling drivers to place handles on each side of their cab to prevent anyone (note the *anyone*!) from being thrown out.

The pride and glory of the Metropolis, her unique contribution to civilisation, the gondola of her often flooded streets, *alias* the Hansom Cab, is being blown upon, suspected, sniffed at, and avoided. The fetish of the nineteenth-century Londoner is now a shattered idol, and we can no longer exalt it above the fiacre and the droshky of the Continent.

Will a pair of handles ensure its stability and generally redeem its character? And where will the handles be put? On the shafts, the horse's back, or inside, above your head? Are they for prevention or for cure, for use before, or after, the accident? One would need to be indeed a "handy man" to master these complications in the excitement of a spill.

Meantime the glass that decapitates you, or smashes to pieces in your face, the roof that gibbets your hat, and the doors that play the dickens with your knees—these, too, cry out for reform.

The time for Passive Resistance is over!

Let us improve the *entente cordiale* by borrowing the light victorias of Paris (though *not* their drivers), and let the two-wheeler be left for intending

suicides, for loopers of the loop, and other certified lunatics.

The hitherto despised and benighted "Growler" should be taken in hand and generally brushed up. The horses should be repaired, the Jehus smartened and rejuvenated, and new linings, springs, seats, windows, wheels, fronts, backs, tops and bottoms put to the vehicles.

The Ideal Four-wheeler will thus take the place of the present "Safety" Hansom, and the Fare will no longer have a handle to complain. The citizen will then confidently count on arriving at his destination intact, instead of driving to his own inquest.

CHARIVARIA.

SOME recent prison statistics show that criminals are affected by atmospheric changes. The fewest offences take place in cold weather. A proposal to give our convicts ices with their meals is under consideration.

A prisoner, through his solicitor, applied to Mr. PLOWDEN last week for permission to be shaved before appearing in Court. The Magistrate was unable to comply with the request, but thought there might be no difficulty as to hair-cutting after the case had been disposed of.

It is worthy of remark that in appointing a new Fire Chief the London County Council refused to go in for a GAMBLE, thus anticipating the objection of other disappointed candidates who alleged that the election was a toss-up.

Mrs. STUTVESANT FISH's guests are much annoyed at the announcement that there were no lions at her recent dinner.

FITZSIMMONS the prize-fighter was married last week. His wife promised to obey him.

A recent case has caused it to be re-affirmed that there can be no copyright in news. This decision, however, is not expected to affect the sanctity of the foreign intelligence of some of our contemporaries.

It is announced that further attempts are to be made to cope with the hat nuisance at *matinées* by providing cloakrooms free of charge. Something also might be done by improving the quality of the plays presented. There is a good deal in the retort of the lady with the picture hat who, on being told that those behind her could not see, said that they were not missing much.



"TURN BACK, PHILIP! DON'T LET'S TAKE ANY RISKS!"

PECULIAR DISLIKES.

MR. BRODRICK, strange to say, objects strongly to being called "BRODDER" by Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL.

Captain HANK HAFF, the veteran American racing skipper, is in the habit of drawing a bead on anyone who alludes to him as the Hanky Panky Yankee.

MR. CADBURY becomes seriously annoyed when he is described in French newspapers as the benevolent inventor of Cocoa for the Hair.

The Rev. JOHN PAGE HOPPS is much distressed by correspondents who spell his name with one "p."

MR. JAMES LOWTHER, M.P., holds such uncompromising views on the subject of the Game Laws that he will never touch a poached egg.

When Mr. TRUEFIT spends Christmas in Scotland, nothing will induce him to witness a curling match.

LORD ROSEBERY is quite tired of explaining that he is not the President of the Primrose League.

M. POBEDONOSTEFF, the Procurator of the Holy Synod, resents extremely the liberties taken with his name by foreign journalists.

MISS MARIE CORELLI becomes quite indignant when people confuse her with the composer of that name.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN has never forgiven the critic who said that parts of *England's Darling* might have been written by BYRON.

GYNÆOCENTRICITY.

[MR. LESTER F. WARD in his "Pure Sociology" advocates the "gynæocentric theory," in which he maintains that woman is primary and essential; that originally and normally all things centre about her, and that man is a mere after-thought of Nature.]

HENCE, androcentric theory,
Of ignorance and male perverseness
born,

That doomst me night and morn
To endless labours, masculine and
dreary.

Cribbed in some city den,
Where fog and darkness spread their
sooty wings,
And the typewriter rings,
Thou bidst me toil and slave the long
day long

Amid the madding throng,
With painful care driving a
clerkly pen.

But come thou system, called by me
Sweet Gynæocentricity!
Make me as a cypher, nought
But a trifling after-thought,

While to woman you restore
All the might was hers of yore.
Once again command that she
Man's support and centre be,
Guiding with her wiser powers
All her own affairs and ours.
I would cling to MARY ANN,
I the woman, she the man;
Independence I would drop,
She the pole and I the hop.
Every privilege my sex
Would from MARY ANN's annex
I would yield her up and be
Trampled under foot as she.
I would see her, sun or rain,
Hurry for the early train,
And only leave her desk to crunch
At 2 P.M. her lightning lunch.
Meantime I with prudent care
To my work-box would repair,
Draw my knitting from the box,
Or proceed to darn the socks.
Or the garden I would seek,
Where soft Zephyrs fan the cheek;
There within the chequered shade
Which the weeping willows made
In my swinging hammock I
With my favourite books would lie,
And read and meditate and moon
Through all the lazy afternoon.

This give and I will live with thee,
Sweet Gynæocentricity.

THE AGE OF LAUGHTER.

[According to Mr. W. M. GUTHRIE'S "Theory of the Comic Spirit," as expounded in the *International Quarterly*, youth is a time of gloomy self-possession, and it is not till you enter the ripe fifties that the period of laughter begins.]

SOME tell you that when Age is in
Then Gaiety is out;
That Youth and Laughter are akin
They swear is past a doubt;
When such men prate, I feel I must
Refute the fallacies they thrust
Upon the world, for it is just
The other way about.

My p'rambulator days were dark:
I seldom—never smiled;
When nursemaids wheeled me in the
Park

My infant soul was riled.
I thought it was the poorest sport
When TOMMY ATKINS came to court,
And I was left to weep—in short,
I was a mournful child.

At school I longed for something which
Was not the Fall of Troy;
The painful lessons of the switch
I never could enjoy;
My sense of humour could extract
But little fun from being whacked
Or writing "lines": I was, in fact,
A most unhappy boy.

At college, 'twas my mission high
To re-discover Truth;
The times were out of joint, and I
Must set them right, forsooth.
I poured my scorn on fools (i.e.,
All those who did not think like me):
I was, you doubtless will agree,
A morbid sort of youth.

But when some fifty years had passed,
And flecked my hair with grey,
And I at length had learnt to cast
Omniscience away;
When I perceived that others might
Conceivably be sometimes right,
My spirits straightway grew more light,
My soul became less grey.

All was not folly, sin and guilt;
Indeed, I soon began
To think the world might not be built
On such a tragic plan;
I smiled as I remembered how
Young self-importance scored my brow
With lines of care, and I am now
A not uncheerful man.

And when Time brings with rapid
strides
My threescore years and ten,
Will Laughter, holding both his sides,
Be always with me then?
Yes, if, till I give up the ghost,
The joke's increasing still, I'll boast
Myself decidedly the most
Hilarious of men.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECTRAL ANALYSES.

I.

THE GHOST'S POINT OF VIEW.

"PHEW!" gasped the Spectre, collapsing into a chair at my bedside, "you did give me a start."

"If it comes to that," I replied severely—for the first intimation I had had of his presence had been the touch of an icy finger on my forehead while I was asleep—"if it comes to that, you gave me a start; you nearly frightened me into a fit. I wish you would learn to be more careful what you do with your hands."

The Spectre eyed me doubtfully.

"Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that human beings are frightened when they see ghosts?"

"Did you think they were amused?"

"I always imagined that they took a purely scientific interest in the matter. Of course, we are simply terrified when we see you—"

"What! A ghost is frightened when he sees a human being?"

"Out of his wits. Did you not know that? Dear me. Well, well, we live and learn."

"But, surely," I said, interested by this time, "I should have thought that you so constantly saw us—"

"Ah, but that is not the case. We see you as seldom as—apparently—you see us. Why it is, I don't know. There are fellows at the Club who could explain it to you. It is something to do with planes or dimensions or something. I remember that, because we were discussing it only the other evening. JONES—I don't know if you have ever met him: tall, handsome man with a dagger sticking in his chest—maintained that there were no such things as human beings: said they didn't exist, don't you know. He said that the cases cited where ghosts had actually been seen were in reality pure hysteria. A ghost goes into a house which he knows is haunted, and naturally he imagines that every shadow is a human being. JONES is a thorough sceptic—hard-headed man, you know—won't believe a thing till he sees it. SMITH, on the other hand—I think you must have met SMITH, or at any rate heard him. You would know him by his get-up. He is a dandy, is SMITH. Faultless winding-sheet, chains on his legs, and so on: carries his head in his right hand, and groans."

"Ah," I said, "I have heard the groans."

"Yes, I thought you must have done. He's always practising: groans bass in our choir, you know. Well, SMITH maintained that some of the hundreds of cases quoted must be authentic.

How, for instance, did JONES account for the haunted room at Blamis Castle?"

"What was that?" I asked.

"Oh, it was rather a painful affair. The castle was said to be haunted, and a young spectre, who scoffed at the idea, offered to walk the night there. They allowed him to go, stipulating, however, that directly he saw anything supernatural he should ring the bell."

"Oh," I interrupted, "then ghosts can ring bells?"

"My dear Sir," said the Spectre a little testily, "we have many limitations, but we can do a simple thing like that. You might just as well ask if a ghost can wind up a night watch or write a dead letter. Well, at the stroke of midnight a violent peal was heard. They rushed to the room, and there lay the poor young fellow senseless. Some time after he had entered, it seemed, he had suddenly become aware—how, he could not say—that he was not alone, and, looking round, he saw a man standing in the doorway. The apparition advanced slowly, and, to his unspeakable horror, walked straight through him. Then he fainted, and knew no more until he found himself being given spirits in a spoon by his friends. He was never quite himself after that."

"And did that convince JONES?"

"Not a bit. He simply said that owing to the stories connected with the place it had been hypnotically suggested to the young fellow that there was a human being in that particular room, and the rest had followed naturally. But I know what would settle him."

"Yes?"

"If I could bring him here and show you to him. Could you excuse me for one minute?"

"Certainly."

"Then I'll just run and fetch him."

And he disappeared. I think something must have gone wrong with the dimensions, for though I waited long he never returned, and to this day I have not seen him again.

THE MAGAZINE GIRL.

I stood upon the station platform, dressed (in consideration for the artist) in flannels and a picturesque Panama hat, waiting for the train, and for Her. I knew that she would be in it—she always is. I was by no means astonished therefore when it arrived to find her there, seated in a compartment labelled "Smoking," though she was the only passenger, and all the other carriages were open to her. This, however, is only her way—it leads to complications, and thus to Romance and Short Stories. That is why she does it.

I entered the compartment, and took

a seat opposite to hers, from which I could observe her in comfort. She was undeniably pretty, this little maiden, with her dark wistful eyes, and the blue-black hair which always comes out so smudgy in the illustrations. All at once, as I gazed at her, she seemed so pitiful and hackneyed that, against my usual practice, I resolved upon an innovation.

"Pardon the seeming abruptness of the course," I ventured softly, "but how would it be if we were to cut all those wearisome preliminaries about the open window and permission to smoke, and all that sort of thing, and come at once to business?"

She gave me a quick look of gratitude.

"That is exactly what I should have asked myself," she answered, "only——" she hesitated, then added shyly, "it looks so unromantic for a heroine to skip."

We both laughed musically. "Then," I said, "perhaps you will have guessed already that I am——"

"A young barrister," she interposed, "with small private means but good prospects, a clear-cut intellectual profile, strong sensitive mouth, and merry blue eyes. Oh yes, I know you, and every one of your double adjectives, *ad nauseam!*"

"For the matter of that," I retorted, piqued a little at her assumption of superior rarity, "you yourself are by no means an unfamiliar figure in the less expensive walks of literature. There is not a sixpenny magazine published but you contrive to sprain your ankle in it, or break your heart, or damage yourself in some silly way. You are almost becoming a nuisance!"

"And you are becoming rude," she said wearily, "which is infringing my special copyright. You had better fall in love with me at once and have it over."

Still I hesitated. "Of course," I said, "there is my uncle's money."

"Left to you," she responded in a bored monotone, "on condition that you marry the unknown girl whom you have never seen, but for whom you have conceived an unreasonable aversion. That invariable uncle!"

"I suppose," I asked weakly, "that you are really she?"

"Please don't be childish!" she answered. "Is it likely that I should be here if I wasn't?"

The logic of this remark was unanswerable, and I was silenced. Suddenly, however, something happened which is without a parallel in the whole course of my long and honourable career; I thought a real thought, one which actually appeared to come from within.



LOGICAL.

Little Bobby (whose Mamma is very particular, and is always telling him to wash his face and hands). "MUMMY DEAR! I DO WISH I WAS A LITTLE BLACK BOY."

Mamma. "MY DEAR BOBBY, YOU GENERALLY ARE."

Little Bobby. "OH, I MEAN REALLY BLACK. THEN YOU WOULDN'T SEE WHEN I WAS DIRTY."

"Listen," I cried excitedly, "I have a scheme which may save us both while there is yet time. If we go on like this we shall inevitably embrace each other before three thousand words are past. Now, I don't know you, and don't particularly want to; I think I am right also in supposing that you yourself are not consumed with anxiety to be my bride?"

She nodded eagerly. "Not in the slightest degree," she said.

"Then," I continued, "this is my plan. Let us make a bold stand before it is too late. Let us *not fall in love!*"

For a moment the audacity of the suggestion seemed to bewilder her. Then she clasped her hands together with a little cry of gratitude and delight.

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" she said warmly, and added, while her

beautiful eyes glowed with admiration, "How wonderful you are! I have never met anyone at all like you before. You must be original!"

I did not contradict her, for I could not but feel that her words were true.

So, during the remainder of the journey, we read our newspapers or dozed in an unwonted but most welcome quiet. Only, as I was preparing to leave the train at a station earlier than that which should have been our mutual destination, I observed that she was laughing softly to herself.

"I was thinking," she said, in answer to my look of inquiry, "that for once we shall be unlike our marriage banns."

"How so?" I asked curiously.

"Because," she answered, giving me her hand with a cordial gesture of farewell, "they will not be published!"



AUXILIARY TRAINING.

Staff-Officer. "WELL, I'VE BEEN DOING NOTHING HERE FOR THE LAST TWO HOURS. I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME I WENT SOMEWHERE ELSE AND DID IT."

PUBLIC SCHOOL FARE.

THE subeditor-in-chef of the *Daily Meal* sends us the following choice morsels of silly seasoning which have been crowded from the columns of that entertaining journal.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN writes:—"I seldom grumbled at my food when at school; I knew too well on which side my bread was buttered. Nevertheless, the memory of those days is always clouded by the recollection that a rise in the price of tuck was never accompanied by a corresponding rise in pocket-money. I remember, too, that I frequently suffered from Bright's disease. But things have, of course, changed since then."

LORD AVEBURY writes:—"We had very little to eat when I was at school. I remember, once, standing with a circle of my playmates round me, and uttering the striking sentence (as it seems to me now), 'Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die.' That was many years ago, and every one of those boys is still alive. A great classical writer (HORACE)

once said "*Cras*;" which SHAKESPEARE rendered by

"To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow," with what I have thought to be superfluous iteration. That schoolboy incident taught me to leave the future to itself. From that day I have battered only on what was bread in the Bohn."

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN writes:—"The head-master at my school had the most beautiful garden I have ever seen, but though his table was plentifully supplied with its early produce no new potatoes nor spring onions ever found their way to the board at which I sat. To this must be traced any note of sadness that may seem to be struck in my work, *Haunts of Ancient Peas*."

MR. ALGERNON ASHTON writes:—"One of my favourite dishes at school was a confection known as 'doorsteps.' To my liking for these I attribute my present interest in tombstones."

MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN writes:—"My schoolfellows always found it necessary to supplement the school meals, and I accordingly formed a

corner in clams and candy. Over these I got badly left, but my Great Bun Trust struck oil."

MR. SIDNEY LEE writes:—"I remember heading a deputation to protest against one of the items on our school breakfast menu. It was the most critical moment of my life. I issued a pamphlet entitled *Porka Verba*, urging that the abuse should be remedied. The head-master replied that there was no need to cure it; it was all pure gammon."

MR. G. BERNARD SHAW writes:—"We live in an age of retrogression. When I was at school I ate everything I could get; probably fifty years hence I shall eat nothing. As is well known, *The Devil's Disciple* was written entirely on a diet of flesh, whereas, after the publication of *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, I forswore everything but rabbits, and became a Burrow Councillor. *Cashel Byron* gave me a distinct liking for bruised beans, and I now wear what I happily describe as 'the white flour of a blameless life.' I expect soon to get into my salad days."



THE MOTOR-CAR BILL.

(Abolition of Speed Limit.)

RIGHT HON. WALTER LONG. "CONFOUND HIM! HE REALLY OUGHTN'T TO GO AT THAT SPEED!!"

SQUIRE PUNCH, "THEN WHY DO YOU LET HIM? YOU SHOULD GIVE HIM A MACHINE THAT CAN'T!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 27.
—SQUIRE of MALWOOD back after long absence, consequent on illness. Entered



A PLUCKY VETERAN.

Sir Will-m H-re-rt reports himself off the Sick List and ready to help in quelling the (Fiscal) Mutiny.

from behind the SPEAKER'S chair with slow, stately step, recalling the old three-decker, temporarily laid up for repairs, falling into line of battle. House not very full; those present on both sides joined in hearty cheer of welcome. The SQUIRE a good hard-hitter; doesn't spare friend or foe when his blood is up. But everyone recognises in him almost the last of the old type of House of Commons man. In respect of scrupulous honour, deference to constitutional principles, jealousy for maintenance of the Parliamentary standard, scholarship and courtesy, the type was high. Over many years, through divers circumstances, it has never suffered at the hands of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD.

Apart from pleasure at return of an old favourite, there was current strong feeling of sympathy with veteran in view of special circumstances attendant on his retirement. Bad enough for old Parliamentary Hand suddenly disabled in high tide of Session. Beyond ordinary endurance to have the time of com-

pulsory retirement synchronising with opening of campaign against Free Trade led by none other than DON JOSÉ. What over and above the discomforts of illness SQUIRE OF MALWOOD has suffered, a prisoner in his sick-room, reading DON JOSÉ's speeches on Fair Trade, scanning the more or less ineffective rejoinders of amateurs like Lord ROSEBURY, no tongue can tell. SARK says, if it hadn't been for the *Times*, result might have been fatal. Just as in the days of the SQUIRE's grandfather, Archbishop of YORK, a patient at certain stages of illness was freely bled, so the SQUIRE from time to time had himself propped up in bed and "wrote to the *Times*," demolishing DON JOSÉ and his new heresy.

Returning to-night, almost first man to greet him is Colonial Secretary, who, with evidently genuine feeling, expresses joy at his recovery, welcoming him back "to add lustre to our debates." Thus the House, in one of its best, most familiar side-aspects. Occasionally, in the hands of one of half a dozen Members of exceptional individuality, it is temporarily made to play matters a little low. But it is ever ready to return to highest level, which, after all, is, and through the ages has been, its true one. Politically, the SQUIRE and DON JOSÉ are at daggers drawn. Chronic state of hostility on the public boards does not prevent maintenance in private life of friendly relations established more than a quarter of a century ago, nor momentary predominance of the gentler mood in circumstances like those presenting themselves this afternoon.

It was quite in order that, having said a few genuinely friendly things about the man, DON JOSÉ straightway turned

A FISCAL AMATEUR.
(Lord R-s-b-ry.)

and pommelled the politician who presumed to criticise details in the settlement of South Africa.

Business done.—South African Loan Bill read a second time.

Tuesday night.—Time of Session reached when necessary to review position, take stock of goods in the window,



THE MANDARIN PEH-HAI.

Chief of the Provinces of Hai-peh (Kwí-ri) and Nô-chih-pfûd.

"I shall come to the rt. hon. gentleman's Chinaman directly."—Mr. Ch-mb-ri-n, in South Africa Labour Debate.

If you want a few leaflets *shake his sleeves*.

prepare for clearance sale. PRINCE ARTHUR approached task with most pleasant mien. Is gifted with richly developed natural talent for taking optimistic view of things. It is a family secret that in youth he turned a longing eye upon the sea as a profession. Even in undeveloped state he felt that the toils and dangers of a seafaring life would be compensated for when he reached the post of captain, and, the watch on deck coming to report "Twelve o'clock," he would be privileged to reply, "Make it so." Here were scores of Bills on the Ministerial programme in a more or less backward state. The thing was to add them to the Statute Book. At present they are waiting to be transformed into Acts of Parliament. "Make them so," says PRINCE ARTHUR in effect, looking down the long list.

As he studied it his eye fell on the Molasses Bill; had curious fascination for him. Only vague idea what Molasses is (or are). Rather favours impression

that it is a species of hair-oil. Didn't BYRON write a line something to this effect—

Save thine "incomparable oil," Molasses?

However that be, or whatever it be, a measure introduced by so respectable an authority as the Chancellor of the Exchequer ought to pass without difficulty.

"Yes," he said, turning and nodding assent to a whispered remark from RITCHIE. It destroyed the original theory about hair-oil. Happily he had not yet had opportunity of developing and illustrating it. Now, with habitual quickness, he seized the facts of the case hurriedly communicated, and made them his own.

"As my right hon. friend reminds me," he continued, nodding patronisingly at RITCHIE, as if he were conveying to him some information, "the Bill, designed to abolish the duty on raw molasses, is really a case of freeing raw material from taxation."

Here PRINCE ARTHUR was startled by rousing cheer from Opposition. It lasted so long that he had time to perceive he had accidentally dropped into heresy. Whilst the Blessed Inquiry was still going on, Ministerial hands held over the mouth of the House of Commons, here was the Leader recommending a Measure on the specific ground that it removed taxation from the raw material! Hadn't Don José openly declared that in establishing a system of Preferential Tariffs, "the only system by which this Empire can be kept together, you must put a tax on food?" Molasses turned out to be what the Lord Chancellor would call a sort of food. And here was the First Lord of the Treasury applauding a measure dealing with it on the ground that it freed raw material from taxation.

Time to think of these things as the jubilant cheer rose and fell; no sign of discomfiture on his ingenuous countenance. When cheers dropped away he concluded his sentence with air of satisfaction suggesting it was the very thing he deliberately meant to say. Hurried on to deal with other measures, every one of which he found "non-controversial." Nay, each was so attractive that the House in passing it would only regret that opportunity was not provided for spending a few more hours in its company.

Business done.—Twelve o'clock Rule suspended. May sit till any hour of the night passing Bills. Begin by shutting up at 12.35. HENDERSON took oath and seat on election for Barnard Castle. Introduced by two other Labour Members, SHACKLETON and CROOKS. All three dressed in Sunday clothes of

decent black. Associations connected therewith subtly prevalent. With eyes reverentially downcast they slowly advanced on tiptoe as if afraid of disturbing the congregation.

"Look as if they had come to bury HENDERSON, not to seat him," said the MEMBER FOR SARK.

Friday night.—Good many Members of present House remember when RIGBY was with us, Member for Forfarshire, Solicitor-General in Mr. G.'s last Administration, charged with the Home Rule Bill. Came into House with reputation of being in first flight of Q.C.s at the Chancery Bar. At first



A DEGREE OF LATITUDE FROM GREENWICH.

"Where no great accuracy is required, the altitude of the (eldest) sun is observed, and from this, with certain allowances, the latitude is obtained."—*Century Dictionary.*

(Lord H-gh makes things lively for the Chef of the "Hotel Cecil.")

sight impression favourable. Looking on his massive brow, his countenance almost stolid in its expression of wisdom and erudition, frivolous Members felt that they had found their match.

If he had never opened his mouth, RIGBY would have been as great a success at Table of House of Commons as he was at the Chancery Bar. Unfortunately it fell to his lot to explain and defend legal aspect of clauses in Home Rule Bill. A quick-witted, ably-led, avowedly unscrupulous Opposition saw their opportunity. By baiting RIGBY they not only discredited the Ministry; they obstructed business and imperilled

prospects of a hateful measure. Must be admitted that what in brief time became an organised business was at the outset unpremeditated. When Solicitor-General first stood at Table to reply to question of which notice had been given, Members glanced at him with nothing more than the ordinary curiosity to see how a new Minister might bear himself. Forget what the question was about, except that it related to some trivial legal detail.

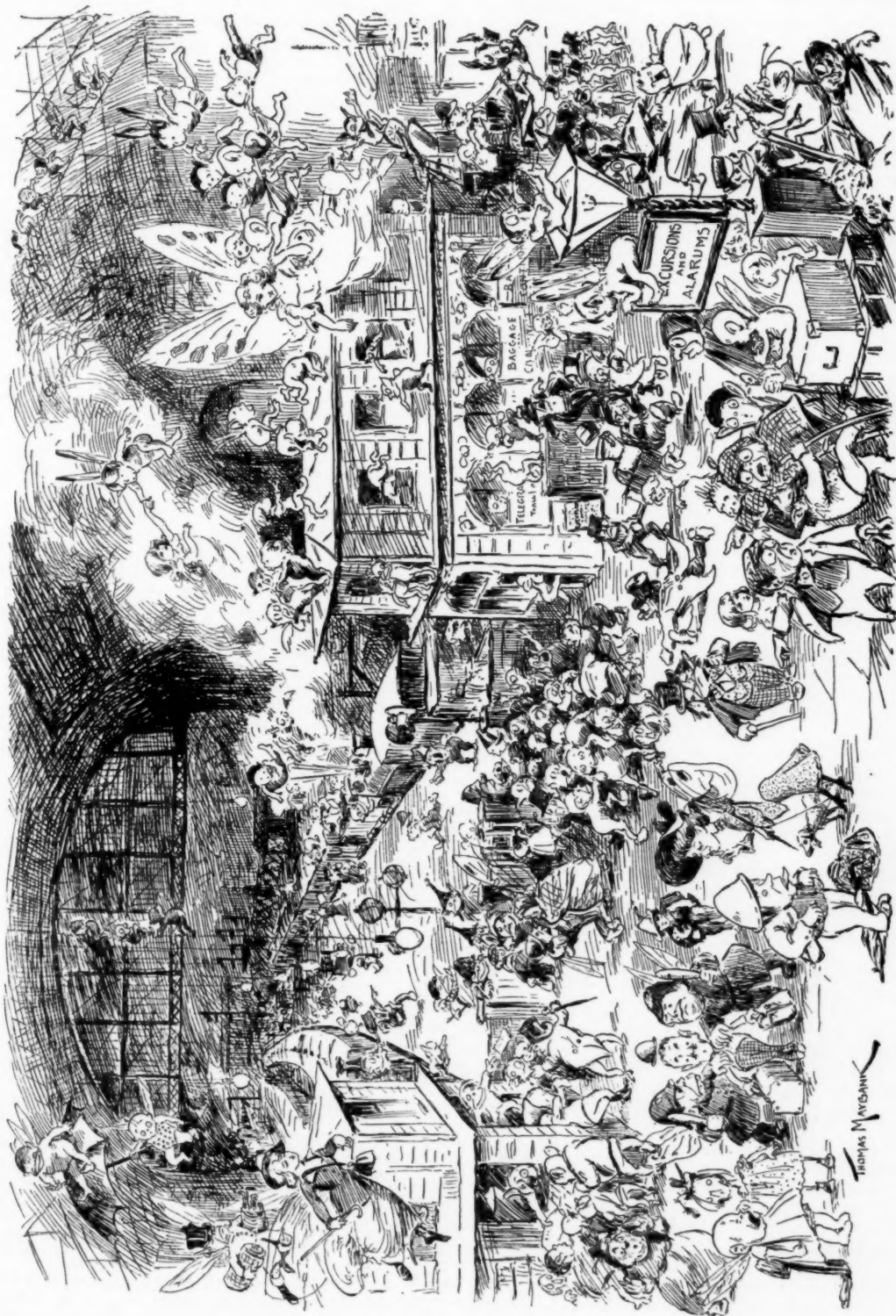
RIGBY, accustomed to being looked up to in the Court of Chancery, felt that House of Commons would remain in breathless state of expectation till he had satisfied it and the country on the question submitted to him. Accordingly he wrote out his answer, which in literary form and number of folios followed the familiar style of an Opinion delivered upon a Case sought through the agency of a solicitor, endorsed with the pleasant remark, Fifty guineas.

As a rule, RIGBY's Opinion, handed to the solicitor's clerk, would lack the advantage of elocutionary art in process of communication. In the House of Commons the thing was different. RIGBY had his opportunity; rose to its fullest height. The solemnity of his appearance and manner, the slow enunciation of his sentences, the excruciating emphasis with which he thundered forth prepositions, the terrific meaning imported into the concluding syllable of any word ending with "ing," instantly attracted attention. Members, crowded for the Question Hour, sat for a few moments open-mouthed. A ripple of laughter responded to a glance of deep meaning flung at audience by Solicitor-General over the top of his manuscript as he voiced a conjunction.

This broke the spell. Burst of laughter followed; ironical cheering assisted RIGBY in emphasising nothing. Bewildered, utterly at loss to understand what it was all about, he sat down amidst storm of cheers and laughter. After this the way was clear for wittings of the Opposition. Came to be nightly habit with them when difficulties arose in Committee on Home Rule Bill to cry "RIGBY! RIGBY!" Solicitor-General said nothing in retort or rebuke. But he felt it deeply. On early opportunity retired from position he had long yearned for, laboriously striven to gain, in late life won—to find himself completely, inexplicably, a failure.

Business done.—Miscellaneous.

A FAR-SIGHTED POLITICIAN.—Mr. LONG, who is in charge of the Motor-Car Bill, recently opened a new Infirmary.



DREAMS BEFORE DAWN. WILD TIME AND BANK HOLIDAY FAIRIES.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XXIII.—THE PHRENOLOGIST.

It is neither religion nor politics as I had first concluded on seeing the centre of interest to be two men in the middle of the crowd. The hatless man with the closely-shaven bullet-head and the expression of stolid idiocy is "having his bumps told" by the squash-hatted individual in the frock-coat and grey flannel trousers.

"Your imagination," the Phrenologist is saying, "is very highly developed. You are a theorist."

The subject nods his head corroboratively at vacancy.

"I fear," continues the Phrenologist, "that you are apt to theorise rather than act. Your imagination is stronger than your will. But your theories are right, I may even say brilliant, if only you had the energy to carry them out."

This, I feel, may account for several points about the bullet-headed man which I cannot help noticing, notably a tendency to confine his ablutions within the natural limit of the chin and eyebrows.

"Your artistic bump," says the Phrenologist, "is remarkably prominent; in any artistic direction you should do very well indeed. An artist to your finger-tips."

I am afraid this is an unfortunate way of putting it, for his subject, as it happens, hasn't got any finger-tips, having lost them, as I learn from the man next to me, in a machine accident. But the Phrenologist continues:

"Highly strung, combative and somewhat deficient in tact. Passionately fond of the beautiful in nature. Colour and form delight you."

The subject nods vacantly again.

"There is great originality here. You are a very daring thinker. In politics, religion, literature and art you think in an entirely new and startling way."

The subject nods his head several times, and I have no doubt that he is right.

"One thing, I'm afraid," adds the Phrenologist, "is the case with you as with all theorists and artists. You are easily taken in. You have been taken in before, and you will be taken in again."

It seems to me the Phrenologist might with some justice have included the present tense also, but no doubt he knows his own business best.

"Affections very highly developed. Generous, good-natured, and musical. Sixpence."

The bullet-headed artist pays his fee and the Phrenologist mounts a small wooden stool.

"That, gentlemen," he observes,

"was a most remarkable head. I have had heads of all sorts and conditions under my hands—heads of every possible sort and condition—and I have seldom seen a more interesting one. Notice the high frontal development above the eye. There's the artist. That gentleman ought to make a lot of money in any artistic business. But the artist and the thinker are distinct. The artist makes his money by seeing, not by thinking. He isn't paid to think. Yet that gentleman's head was the head of a serious thinker as well. May I have the pleasure of giving any other gentleman a reading?"

A grinning youth, with a head that looks about the size of the late subject's fist, grabs off his hat and makes his way forward. The Phrenologist, after carefully measuring the head before him with a tape, which seems to me to border on the personal, pronounces its owner a cynic. The young man's grin increases in imbecility. I am surprised and pleased also to learn that he is a thoroughly practical man, of an analytical turn of mind, who would do well in any field of scientific investigation.

At this moment there is a disturbance at the back of the crowd, and a burly man in corduroys pushes his way forward and interrupts the reading.

"'Oo's the Phrenologist?" he inquires.

The Phrenologist pauses, with his hands caressing the head of the potential scientist, and smiles blandly.

"Are you 'im?" demands the burly man. "Or ri—I'll 'aveme bumpstole."

"Certainly, Sir," replies the Phrenologist. "With pleasure. Directly I've finished with this gentleman—"

"Go orn—you girron with 'im an' be lively abaht it," returns the burly man, "I wanme bumpstole." And seats himself heavily on the Phrenologist's stool.

He remains silent until the grinning youth has paid his sixpence.

"Now then, Sir," says the Phrenologist, "if you are ready—"

The burly man, still seated on the stool, gazes at him with a blurry eye.

"I wanme bumpstole," he observes dreamily.

"Would you rather be seated?" inquires the Phrenologist.

The burly man rises unsteadily and brushes off his cap.

"Tell us my bumps," he says abruptly. "My name's 'ERBERT."

The Phrenologist, with a tolerant smile, proceeds to measure his subject's head.

"There is a great deal of imagination here," he remarks; "your head shows a very fertile fancy. You have a very sensitive nature."

"Sensitive nachur!" breaks in the burly man. "I ain't sensitive. No one ain't ever corled me sensitive before. Where d'yer get sensitive nachur? Show us the place."

The Phrenologist smiles indulgently. "Sensitiveness?—Here," he replies, pressing the subject's skull with his forefinger.

The burly man gives a howl of pain. "'Ere, mind wot yer doin' of!" he roars. "That there's a bicycle accident!"

There is a shout of laughter from the crowd. The Phrenologist seems confused, though personally I see every reason to admire his accuracy.

"Not so much sensitive," he says, "as nervous."

"Nervous!" exclaims the burly man. "'Oo yer gittin' at? I ain't afride o' no man!"

"When I say nervous—" begins the Phrenologist.

"I ain't afride o' no man, I ain't," repeats the burly man loudly.—"Or woman."

The Phrenologist strives to continue his explanations.

"P'raps yer think I'm afride o' you?" suggests the burly man threateningly.

"No, not at all,—you don't understand me," says the Phrenologist mildly.

"Don't I?" returns the burly man.

"Well, I 'ope you understand me. Go orn—girron with it."

"Feelings very keen. Much ability, but little power of mental concentration. You are by temperament a poet."

"A wot!" cries the burly man, going very red in the face. "'Oo are you a-corlin' a poet? You want one in the ear'ole, thet's wot you want. You tike care 'oo you gets corlin' poits. I works fer my livin' I do—honest. Poit yerself."

"No insult intended—" begins the Phrenologist apologetically.

"You tike care wot yer syein'," says the burly man, "comin' 'ere corlin' yerself a phreneronologist. Don't yer get corlin' me no nervous poits. Go orn—you girron with it."

The Phrenologist throws a deprecating look at the crowd and continues:

"Tactful, a good friend and a bad enemy—"

"A bad—?" begins the burly man suspiciously.

"Fond of children," continues the Phrenologist hastily, "affectionate, critical—I may say hypercritical—"

"Wot!" roars the burly man, "syie it agen!"

"What—hypercritical?" begins the astounded Phrenologist.

Without any warning the burly man makes a wild lunge at the Phrenologist, who, jumping back to avoid it, falls backwards over his stool. The burly

man also has overbalanced and falls on top of the other. Several of the foremost in the crowd rush forward and haul the burly man to his feet.

"Leagoerme!" he yells. "I ain't afride o' no man!"

"Go orn, chuck it," says one of his custodians; "woddyer want'er go an' lose yer temper for?"

"Wot's 'e want'er go corlin' me a nippercrite for?" demands the burly man.

The Phrenologist also has been helped to his feet, and is standing ruefully rubbing the back of his head. A man pushes his way through from the outskirts of the crowd.

"'Ere, 'Err," he calls, "come orn. Woddyer doin' of 'ere?"

The burly man turns to his friend.

"Corlin' me a nervous poit an' a nippercrite," he cries.

"I never said—" begins the Phrenologist weakly, still rubbing his head.

"Come orn," says the newcomer, taking the burly man's arm, and turns to the Phrenologist. "Don't you tike no notice of 'im," he advises cheerily, "'e don't mean no 'arm. 'E's boozed," and leads the burly man through the crowd.

The Phrenologist continues to rub the back of his head, which has developed a bump of a purely inorganic nature. After a time he puts 'on the squash hat again very carefully and turns to the crowd.

"May I have the pleasure of giving any other gentleman a reading?"

THE LEGEND OF THE BROWN BOOTS.

It was on one of summer's early days,
When Nature smiled and all the world seemed fair,
That first of all on you I chanced to gaze
Within a shop, O bright and beauteous pair!

Thought I, "The sky above me is so blue,
The sunbeams gaily dance along the street,
Yet I am clothed in garb of sombre hue,
With boots funereal upon my feet.

"A summer suit just now I can't afford,
But other footwear surely I can don!"
I took some money from my little hoard,
Then walked into the shop and tried you on.

You fitted me—I did not mind the price—
And, wearing you, abroad I yearned to roam;
I would not listen to the man's advice
To let him wrap you up and send you home.

I paid the bill and waited for the change,
Then left the shop in all my foolish pride;
But Nature seemed to undergo a change
The very moment that I stepped outside.

The sky, as I remarked before, was blue,
The sun was shining brightly overhead,
Yet everything seemed dull and dark of hue,
Except where I so boldly dared to tread.

The passing errand-boys their baskets dropped
In sheer astonishment, as on I strode;
The horses shied—I think the traffic stopped—
As soon as I began to cross the road.

When my front door I opened with my key,
The children all fled shrieking up the stair;
My wife pulled down the blinds, "Because," said she,
"I feel a bit bewildered by the glare."

I took you off in haste and flung you down,
So that your splendour I might well behold;



SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED!

"THERE IS A KIND OF CONFESSION IN YOUR LOOKS."

Hamlet, Act II., Sc. 2.

It was a base deceit to call you brown,
You shimmered with the radiance of gold.

As weary weeks went on I vainly tried
To dim your blazing, unbecoming hue;
Though many quarts of polish I applied,
It seemed to make no difference to you.

Perchance in years to come you might be worn,
When you assume an ordinary tan;
At present you're not fitted to adorn
The feet of any self-respecting man.

FREEDOM FOR ALL.

Not Licences but Licence.

THE Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders recently presented a memorial to Mr. BALFOUR, Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH and Mr. LONG, urging that, as the power of control over motor vehicles has been demonstrated to be absolute, no speed limit whatever is necessary or desirable, save such as may be imposed by the traffic actually on any road.

There is reason to believe that some other memorials will shortly be presented.

Mr. LONG has stated, with profound regret, that motorists have been "irritated." It is to be hoped that he will save these other memorialists from irritation.

The Great Western Railway Company, stating that Paddington Station is rather far from the City, and in view of the fact that locomotives can be controlled with absolute precision, may ask for authority to run six trains daily in each direction along Oxford Street and Holborn to the Bank, the speed to be determined only by the traffic, if any, actually on the roadway.

The Stock Exchange Pedestrian Society, desirous of training in convenient proximity to Capel Court, will probably ask permission to have go-as-you-please contests at noon daily from the Bank to the Law Courts.

The Association of Metropolitan Riding Masters will point out that restrictions as to speed in Hyde Park are entirely superfluous, and that lessons in galloping and leaping should be allowed on any part of the turf in the Park, the hurdles and iron fences being conveniently arranged for this purpose.



A NIGHTMARE CAKE-WALK.

(After Tommy's Birthday Feast.)

NO WONDER THAT, AFTER SEEING OR HEARING OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE, PROFESSIONALS, AMATEURS, B. T. T. WAITRESSES, BUTCHERS, BAKERS, AND CANDLES-MAKERS' WALKS TO BRIGHTON AND ELSEWHERE, TOMMY SHOULD DREAM OF A GREAT "CAKE-WALK," IN WHICH HIS OWN "PARTICULAR TUMMY CAKE," AFTER STARTING WITH THE FIRST CAKE, AND GOING STRONG THROUGHOUT, WAS THE LAST TO FINISH.

with suitable flower beds to break the falls of beginners.

The Cyclists' Touring Club, in view of the fact that footpaths are usually smoother and more free from dust or mud than roadways, will urge the immediate abolition of the laws and regulations which prevent cyclists from using the more desirable track, and will point out that pedestrians can avoid all inconvenience by going on horseback or in vehicles.

The Society of Golf-Ball Manufacturers, alluding to the interest taken in the game by many Members of Parliament, will point out that several

Members can to a great extent control the direction of a ball, and that it is therefore a gross injustice and a source of irritation to forbid the game in the Green Park and St. James's Park, so conveniently near the House. As some of the Ministers are enthusiastic golfers, the Society has reason to hope that its interests will be most tenderly considered.

The Perambulator Makers' Association, stating that the need for control over perambulators and mail-carts has been demonstrated to be practically non-existent, will request that, in order to encourage the industry, perambulators and their drivers shall be permitted to go as many abreast as they choose on the footways in Regent Street, Oxford Street, Brompton Road, Kensington High Street, and other frequented shopping neighbourhoods.

The Society of Traction-Engine Manufacturers and Traders, pointing out that their engines frequently weigh less than thirty tons, and can be stopped on level ground within a quarter of a mile, will urge that they shall be treated with the same consideration as motor cycles and trailers; all speed limits being abolished.

As it is undoubtedly the case that railway trains, pedestrians, horses, bicycles, golfers, perambulators and traction-engines have "come to stay," and as it is universally stated that an "industry must not be hampered," or harassed, or killed—there are several expressions equally admired—it is perfectly certain that all these memorials will receive the consideration they deserve.



Extract from the Rules of a local Golf Club:—"RULE V.—THE COMMITTEE SHALL HAVE THE POWER AT ANY TIME TO FILL ANY VACANCY IN THEIR BODY."